



LIFE



PROPERTY
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



A PROPHECY

Uncle Sam: JUST AS I EXPECTED



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· LIFE ·

Source of Sherman Hoar's Law

WHEN the late Sherman Hoar, a lawyer of recognized ability, left the law school and opened an office in Boston, his father, Judge Hoar, was at the height of his legal reputation.

The young man's first client was an Irishman, and the case, though only some small matter of a boundary line, was one that required the examination of a number of deeds and records. Mr. Hoar accordingly told his client to come back in two days for his opinion.

The Irishman left the office, evidently very reluctant at the delay. Turning at the door, he asked: "Couldn't ye give me the answer to-morrow, Mister Hoar?"

"No, no," was the reply; "come on Thursday."

The client went as far as the stairs. Then he turned and tiptoed back to the door and put his head inside, with a finger at his lips.

"Whist!" he whispered. "Couldn't ye get to see your father to-night, Mistor Hoar?"—*Boston Herald.*

"THE department stores are talking of putting in operating departments. What do you think of that, now?"

"Think! I think it's a shame. Every shopgirl will be having appendicitis!"

SCHOOLMASTER asking the meaning of "The Quick and the Dead," small urchin says: "Please, sir, the man as gets out of the way of the motor car is Quick, and 'im as doesn't is Dead."—*Sporting Times.*

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The finest flavored Scotch Whisky
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Only at the best Hotels and Cafes.



A Sanderson DEWBALL
To-Day—NOW

Wayne

What would you think of a car that could run up and down Broadway for 87 hours without a motor stop?

This remarkable performance was made in a Wayne Model F. (the 7 passenger 50 H. P. car shown below) under the direction of Mr. A. L. Kull and accompanied by official observers all the time. Model F. was driven from Times Square to 110th Street, back and forth, night and day for 87 hours through all the congested traffic without once stopping the motor.

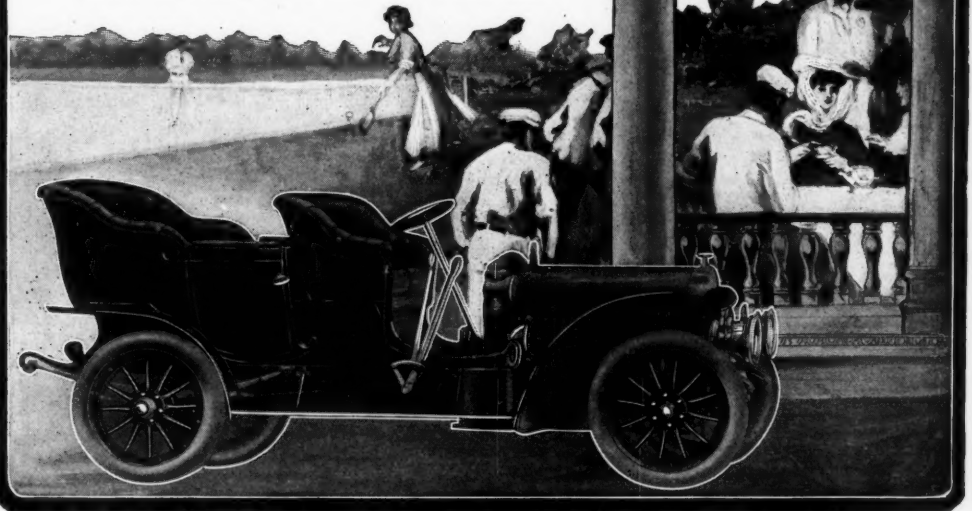
The continual slowing up and stopping, then starting, which often had to be done five or six times in an ordinary city block, subjected this car to use and strain that it would not have received in an ordinary year's work.

Total distance covered 1261 miles. Gasoline used 104 gals. Lubricating oil 14 1/2 gals. After the run the car was disassembled and the gears, motor bearings, connecting rods and all working parts were found to be in perfect condition.

The price of Model F. is \$2500. We also make model K. \$2500. Model B. \$2000. Model C. \$1250. Model G. \$1000 and Model H. \$800.

Catalog and full particulars on request.

WAYNE AUTOMOBILE CO., Dept. E. Detroit, Mich.



A SIMON-PURE, UP-TO-DATE SAINT
AGAINST TAKING A GIFT MADE COMPLAINT.
SAID THE MILLIONAIRE WIGHT,
"AIN'T MY MONEY ALL RIGHT?"
THE PITHY REJOINER WAS, "TAIN'T."



Surpasses
in delicacy
and bouquet the
most widely
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in the world

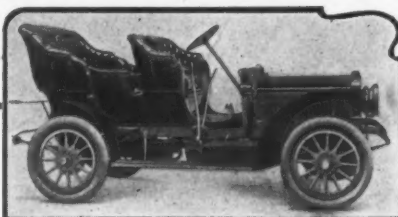
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Thorough *mechanical finish*—so fine and minutely wrought as to bespeak more than ordinary pains and skill—is one of the many features that make the

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notable for its smoothness of running and virtually trouble-proof in its construction. This carefulness of building, coupled with mechanical principles of proven correctness, result in never-failing dependability of service—in surprising economy of maintenance.

Cadillac value is most apparent under the severer tests of travel. Ask your dealer to give you a demonstration. His address and illustrated Booklet R sent on request.

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Model M, Light Touring Car, \$950 Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car, \$3,750

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The Oldsmobile Standard Runabout, Model B—the car as indispensable to business economy as the telephone, the typewriter or the sewing machine—is now built with either straight or curved front. Its 7 h. p. single cylinder, water-cooled motor gives efficiency without complication. Price unchanged, \$650.

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—RACING TYPE—YOU LAY
A SMOOTH SAFE
SPEEDY TRACK ALONG
THE ROAD AHEAD

NON SKIDDING
WITHOUT
STUDS

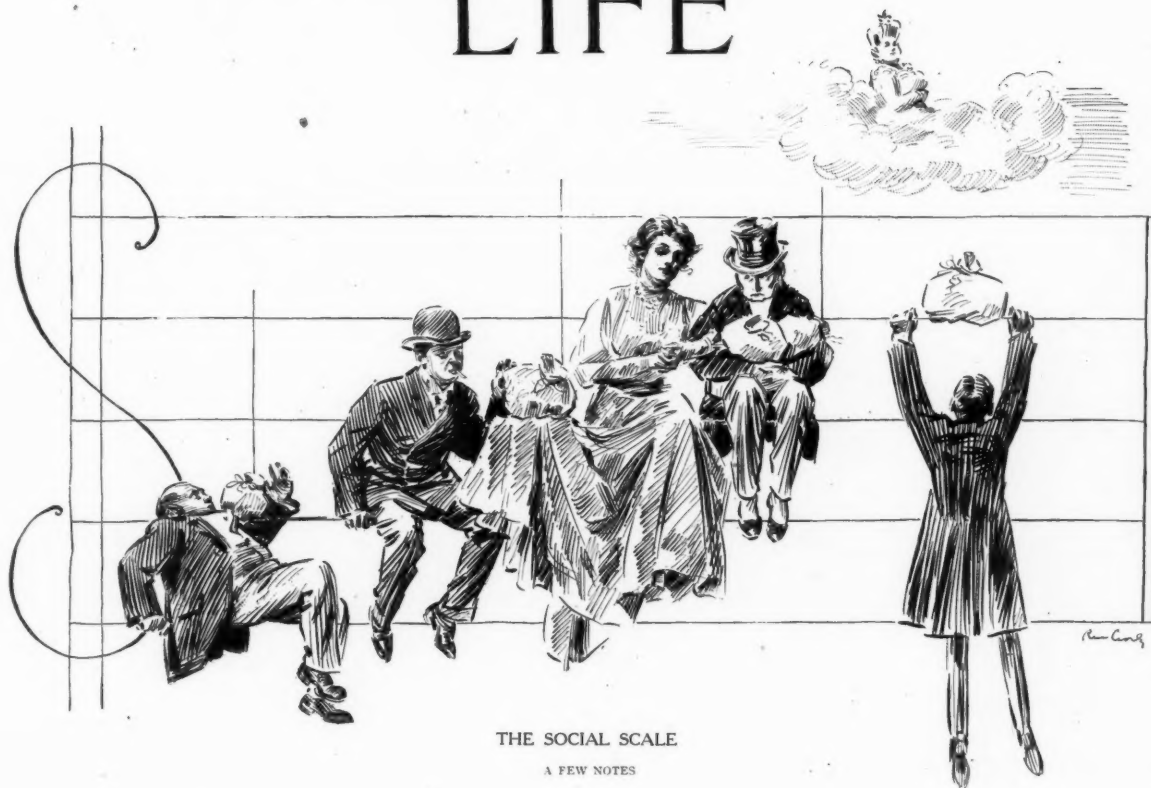
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LIFE



THE SOCIAL SCALE
A FEW NOTES

A Toast to Politics

A MIXTURE of mud, whitewash, distinction and graft, in proportions varying with the individual initiative and insensibility.

A serious business for fools and knaves, and for the great middle class between these two a very nuisance.

An outgiving of enlightened manhood, which frees us from the dominion of kings, on the one hand, and on the other renders us up the slaves of our passions and prejudices.

The second parent of party spirit, to make our conscience the fief of any rascal sharp enough to steal the livery.

A jest, when it exalts every man into a sovereign (37 cents in our money).

A calamity, when it sets your good neighbors at variance and leaves you the choice of taking side with one and being damned by the other or of taking side with neither and being damned by both.

In fine, of all the delusions which go to sweeten the bitterness of civilization, about the most delusive.



Arbitrate It

JOHN BUNYAN'S idea of the Man with the Muck Rake was that he was raking in money.

President's Roosevelt's notion about him seems to be that he was raking over filth.

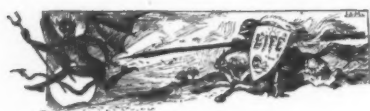
Here is a disparity of impression between the Inspired Tinker and the Colonel which ought to be arbitrated.

For arbitrators we suggest Professor Henry Loomis Nelson for Bunyan, Mr. G. B. Cortelyou for Colonel Roosevelt, and F. P. Dunne as referee.

IN THE course of life we shake many hands—and many people.

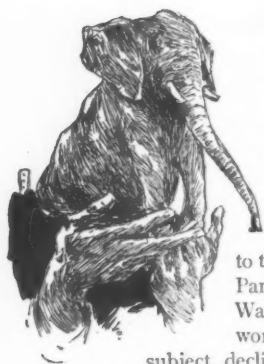
Patience

IF IT be true, as a current report hath it, that there is after all only one ordained missionary for every 900,000 heathen, these latter can hardly count on public sympathy in any extensive measures of reprisal. Not to depreciate in the least the power of the average missionary to get himself disliked, what is one among so many? If the lesser but very numerous breeds without the law cannot see their way clear to saving their souls at this time, at all events it behooves them, under the circumstances, to possess these in patience, if only for the moral effect.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. MAY 24, 1906. No. 1230.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



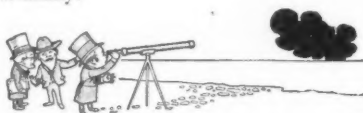
PEOPLE are still guessing what Colonel Roosevelt will do after March 4, 1909. The last guess is that he will be Secretary of Something in the Cabinet of President Taft, and address himself to the work of building the Panama Canal. Colonel Watterson, whose mind works off and on on this subject, declines to accept this suggestion. He has reasons for thinking that there is nothing in it. He has also vetoed the idea that Colonel Roosevelt will go to the Senate, and he is not sure that his own plan of making him president of Harvard College will work, though he still adheres to it.

There is one course that no one has yet suggested for Colonel Roosevelt in 1909. He might go away back and sit down. Such a course would be popular with Mr. Mead, of Boston, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Fairbanks (the one who is Vice-President now), Chancellor Day, some railroad men and many officers of corporations, a whole lot of scalawags, Senator Aldrich, Governor Vardaman and some others. Colonel Watterson will doubtless say that it is an impossible suggestion and that though Colonel Roosevelt might possibly go away back, he could not sit down for an appreciable interval of time, but would feel almost instantly constrained to stand on the bench and address the meeting. Of course, that sounds reasonable and may be so. Colonel Roosevelt's sedentary propensities are in a rude, uncultivated state. His terminal facilities are poor, as Mr. Melville Ingalls said of the Ohio minister who preached too long. But he might learn. Make it easy for him at first. Let him sit on a tack or something that would occupy his mind till he could get a little used to the posture. Then give him a

bare bench and presently a cushion, and even springs. He has always liked to do the thing he did, and, he might come to like sitting down, and, if so, he would excel in it, and might even come, in time and with due practice, to sit as tight as Grover Cleveland.

And then he would be all but perfect, wouldn't he? And if we wanted to run him again for President some time—as, like enough, we may—there he would be with a complete record; all the stunts done, active and inactive, and not a leg left for opposition to stand on.

REALLY, when you think of it, there is a good deal in this plan. 'It isn't too easy. Sitting down would be hard, and, therefore, all the more feasible for one who prefers hard things. And even going 'way back would not be easy, because of the habit we have all got into of facing around to where Colonel Roosevelt happens to be, so that we can keep an eye on him. If we should all face to rear when he goes back, it would practically keep him in front again, but maybe that won't happen so much when he ceases to be President. McGregor had the same sort of a trouble when he complained that it was always the head of the table where he sat, but we presume he was cured of it finally.



WE HAVE read with regret in the daily papers that Mr. S. S. McClure and the muck rakers who have imparted so much vigor for many months past to his valuable magazine have fallen out and are going to part company. The causes of disagreement have not been expounded by authority, but the impression obtains that the muck rakers want to stick somewhat closer to the muck and rake it deeper and harder than Mr. McClure considers conducive to the best interests of his periodical.

It is a little in fashion now to chaff all the muck rakers. Those that have belonged to Mr. McClure's staff can stand some chaffing, for their work has been exceedingly influential and, to our mind, exceedingly useful to the country. Miss Tarbell has done more than anybody else to break up the railroad rebates system; Mr. Steffens and Mr. Phillips have armed hundreds of thousands of

readers with fighting knowledge about municipal, legislative and corporate corruption and the way to check it. What they have written in McClure's has taken hold of people's minds and produced results.

Nevertheless, if Mr. McClure's team has got agoing so strong that he cannot hold them, he probably does well to cut the traces. Specialists who deal in political corruption or any other kind of corruption are subject, like all other specialists, to the propensity to see the thing that they are doing somewhat bigger than it is. They are apt to lose the sense of proportion, and they are lucky if, in their work, they can maintain satisfactory relations with a controlling mind whose sense of proportion is less liable to be confused. The literature of exposure is exceedingly important, but it is not the only thing that is important. It is all destructive, and destruction, indispensable as it sometimes is, can go too far. Some of the tares must usually be left in the wheat if there is to be any crop. Sometimes, we confess, we have been scornful of the places in the prayer-book where all of us worshippers in our Sunday morning clothes and on our Sunday behavior own up to being miserable sinners and reiterate it. Nevertheless, most of us are middling sinful, and a decent regard for the tranquillity of ourselves and the rest of mankind constrains us to realize that the muck rake can be run into the ground. Exposure is the kind of a job to be done to an accompaniment of prayer and fasting. When it begins to be remunerative and to excite enthusiasm it is time to go slow.



GREAT works are going on in the world, and they do not dwindle on better acquaintance. The work of relieving and rebuilding San Francisco is enormous. At this writing, two hundred and fifty thousand people a day are being fed there by the relief agencies, and the fire was a month ago! The canal job is big, big, big. The great work of readjusting government to Russia is by far the biggest of all—an appalling labor. But the railroad rates bill seems to be settled, and the free alcohol bill is likely to pass.



"RURAL FREE DELIVERY."

A Missionary to America

HE IS a Brahmin and his name is Marayan Krishna. In filling a Kansas City pulpit he is reported as saying:

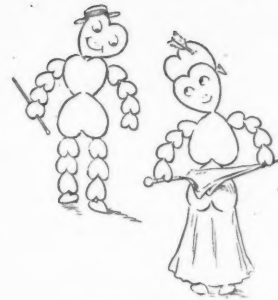
"We're overstocked with Christian missionaries. Ninety per cent. of those we have are senseless. Furthermore, we don't want your religion and your holy book. We have more religion of our own than we know what to do with, a surplus that we'd like to export. So I pray you Americans, keep your so-called missionaries at home. If you want to Christianize us, send us some men that are qualified to teach, philosophers that know their own scriptures. Until

then, the Vedas, our four books of philosophy, are good enough for us."

But this was too straight for a good American congregation, for it is also reported that:

"During these remarks some members of the congregation left the assembly and later the Rev. Charles Ferguson apologized for Krishna's statements."

And so, perchance, the congregations that cannot hear such truths without apology are the ones who ship the fullest cargoes of missionaries to the "heathen."



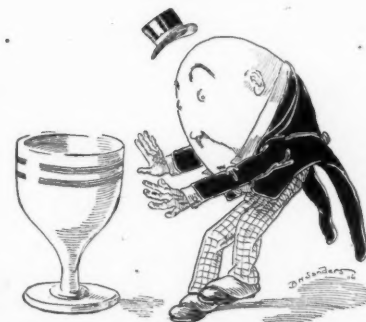
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

LONELINESS is the greatest of bores, otherwise there would be no accounting for society.

Tail-Twisting Again

SPEAKING of the English, the *Evening Post* says: "By inheritance and ingrained habit they are a hypethral race." Perhaps so, but at this time of brotherly feeling, why rub it in? It would have been manlier but much less prudent for our New York neighbor to have said it of the Irish, who are as much so as the English, but are sufficiently in force hereabouts to command considerate speech.

IT WILL never be easy for the Government to take over the functions of commerce, where commerce has already taken over the functions of government.



HUMPTY-DUMPTY IS PRESENTED WITH A LOVING-CUP.



CAVITE, P. I.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Dear Life: Your issue of January 25th shows that the Missionary-Cannibal joke is not yet extinct, and I am going to perform a long deferred duty by informing you that it is the *lean* man, not the *fat* one, who is most highly prized by the cannibal gourmet.

On a cruise through the South Seas in 1899-1900, the U. S. S. *Albatross*, having on board Mr. Alexander Agassiz and a party of naturalists, went to Fiji. While there a number of us visited the old capital, Mbau, about 60 miles from Suva, the present capital and main port. The King, Ratu Apele, is the son of Thackumbau, who was famous for having conquered all the islands near his, and who is reputed to have had a fresh man cooked for him every day.

Captain Moser, U. S. N., and myself were talking to Ratu Apele and we questioned him on the subject of man-eating. It should be remarked that the Captain is a finely-proportioned man, over six feet tall, weighing about two hundred pounds, while I am about five feet seven inches and weighed about one hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

In substance the king said that he had often eaten human flesh and that it was very good indeed; it was like pork, only more delicate, and it was called "long pig."

I then inquired if it were true that a fat missionary

tasted better than a thin one. The king smiled reminiscently, showing his filed eye-teeth, and said: "The Captain is a little too stout; but you, Mr. —um-m," a savage glint coming to his eye, "you would be fine." Very truly,

U. S. S. *Baltimore*

March 5, 1906.

P. S.—The above may appear to be funny now, but I can assure you that there was no joke about it at the time, for we were surrounded by natives and about fifty miles from our ship.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Gentlemen: In my opinion the explanatory matter below the cartoon on the cover of LIFE, issue April 12, No. 1224, is very unjust, inasmuch as it unmistakably conveys the idea that prominent prelates of the Roman Catholic Church are nothing more or less than hypocrites on the divorce question. The explanatory matter in question certainly conveys the idea that, while the Catholic Church preaches the doctrine of no divorce, nevertheless, in the case of eminent personages, such as American princesses, convenient subterfuges may always be found whereby they may be released from their matrimonial vows.

If LIFE has knowledge that prelates of the Roman Catholic Church have, in particular instances, resorted

to such subterfuges, I should be the last to find fault with the cartoon, since I believe, under such circumstances, it would be perfectly justified; but in the absence of specific instances of such subterfuges, and I do not hesitate to say that LIFE cannot produce such instances, as a Catholic I must protest against the injustice, to put it very mildly, of the explanatory matter at the foot of this cartoon.

Cartooning certainly has no more right to disseminate untruth and positive slander, as is done in this case, than any other form of art or literature. I have no doubt that the author of this matter had no intention of slandering anyone, but that it was written simply through ignorance, which is its only palliation; but, even ignorance does not relieve the managers of LIFE from doing what any gentleman should do when he has injured others, even though unwittingly. I do not think it is too much to ask that the managers of LIFE should offer apologies for this insulting matter, or produce the instances wherein prelates of the Roman Catholic Church have resorted to the infamous methods implied in the legend at the foot of this cartoon.

Yours very truly,

M. J. Riordan.

April 12, 1906.

If the editor of a periodical of LIFE's character should once begin to apologize for those things which were obviously not intended to be taken seriously his working hours would be very much lengthened.



WHY THEY MARRIED

YOU NEVER CAN GUESS WHY SHE MARRIED THIS MAN:
THERE'S NO USE THE MATTER TO MINCE,
SHE MARRIED HIM MERELY BECAUSE HE HAD HAIR
LIKE HER LOST POMERANIAN "PRINCE."

THE REASON THIS CHAP IN THE BOX HERE
MADE HIS LADY FRIEND MRS. VAN PELF:
HE HAD A WHOLE CAR-LOAD OF DIAMONDS
AND HE COULDN'T WELL WEAR THEM HIMSELF!

The Rake's Progress



THAT *McSure's* should have produced Sinkem Beffens is strange enough; but that Sinkem Beffens, retiring, humble and very, very modest, should, as champion muck raker, have been able to make *McSure's* what it is, that is stranger still, and no man pretends to understand it. Yet, 'tis a simple story. Listen!

"Sink," as they all call him at *McSure's*, the printer and the pressmen and S. S. *McSure* and Ida Tarbarrel and Ray Standard Fakir, was born somewhere, sometime. When but a tiny child some one gave him a rake, just a plain, little, wooden rake, and thereafter he stood on the street corner and raked the asphalt all day long. By and by bad boys tried to get his rake from him, but "Sink" dreamed his dreams and fought his fights. The little rake was very useful in whacking the bad boys over the head, and "Sink" held his corner. "And it taught me a great lesson," said this very simple, humble, thankful man. "It taught me that to the rakish, life is one eternal rake. Be sure you make the most of the rake-off."

And just because he was so true to his rake, this little, earnest boy who so faithfully raked the asphalt, he advanced step by step, until he is now one of the famous muck rakers of the world. With only his suit-case and his gold rake studded with diamonds, he can take the morning train for an unknown city, rake off in a few hours the thick slime of municipal corruption and have a shame-shrieking article ready for *McSure's* by night.

And the way he does it? Listen. Let me tell very simply the simple story of this simple Simon. Oh, I beg your pardon. My pen slips terribly. It is a mystic, miraculous mystery. Why is Sinkem Beffens? I asked everybody to explain it. "I'm not interested in the shame of cities," said Ida Tarbarrel, wearily; "I'm giving my whole life to breaking that butterfly of a John Rockefeller upon the wheel of my ponderous articles. He's got too much money. If that isn't a shame, I'd like to know what a shame is!"

"I'm sure I don't know why is 'Sink,'" remarked S. S. *McSure*, dashing out through the window and appearing suddenly at the door. "He gives us good, strong, vital, virile stuff and that's what we want. I'm going to have him write a nice, snappy life of John the Baptist soon, with Jack London to do the scene where the King says, 'So much for Buckingham! Off with his head!' and the daughter of Herodias comes in with the Prophet's bloody remains on a charger. Great, don't you think?" When I reiterated my plaintive appeal to Richard Watson Gilder, he only smiled in sad, suffering, silky sufferance. "Why is Sinkem Beffens?" Hamilton Wright Mabie pursed his lips and wrinkled his brow as he repeated the question. "I do not know him. He must be in the life class. I only know literachewer-r and natewr-r." "Aw, he's a mucker!" said Tim Sullivan.

Since no one could answer my question, I went to "Sink" himself. I followed him to his office, to his church, to his home, to his club, and asked him how he happened to be so great. He squirmed. He had convulsions of modesty. "I'm not really great," he said, quietly, "I'm only eminent, unparal-

Things We See Advertised

DICKENS' COMPLETE WORKS

THIS announcement has a new interest for lovers of Charles Dickens, the well-known author. Thirty volumes, bound uniformly, will take up nearly all the space in the stationary bookcases now furnished to tenants of modern apartments, and their publication answers the housewife's question: "What the mischief can we put in that bookcase?" A limp-leathered Omar Khayyam and a padded "Lucile" on the library table add an air of refinement and familiarity with literature's garlands which it might take years otherwise to acquire.

Mr. Dickens, contrary to the impression given by our portrait, which is that he lived to be 134 by the judicious use of Guffy's Pure Malt, is the author made famous a year or two ago by De Wolf Hopper's portrayal of "Mr. Pickwick," a character in Vol. XI of our set.

Andrew Hamilton recently referred to a member of the insurance crowd as a "Pecksniff." The force of the allusion was patent to only Dickens readers. Cartoonists are constantly drawing on Dickens for their inspirations, and "Oliver Twist," "Barkis Is Willin'" and other Dickens characters are household words.

Please send me 30 vols. of Mr. Dickens' Works. If I don't want them please annoy me.

Name.....
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Position.....Salary.....

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES
BE A DICKENS LOVER



CHARLES DICKENS



NOT SO BLACK AS HE IS PAINTED

leled, superlatively remarkable." Maybe it wasn't right to probe thus into the soul of a man, and maybe it isn't fine to show what you see. It might frighten the more timid. But I am only thinking of those who need to see what I saw when I looked into the soul of "Sink" Beffens. I gazed at him fixedly with that peculiar X-ray expression I have when I look through clothes and flesh and bones right into the soul of a man. He followed my glance. "That is not my soul," he said, not at all indignantly, only very sweetly and pleasantly, "that is a button off my waistcoat."

"You seem to be devoted to your handsome rake, Mr. Beffens," I remarked.

"I am, for it helps me to help the people," he said, very simply and shyly.

"And do you care for all the people some of the time or for some of the people all of the time or all of—"

"I love all of the time the people who read my articles," he replied, gently. "I didn't always love everybody."

"Do you hate the editors of other magazines?"

"Oh, no," forgivingly. "They do a great deal that is wrong; they corrupt the young, and they don't care anything about *McSure's*. I used to hate them and the wicked newspaper men who wrote things about me; but I don't any more. I've got over it now."

"How?" I asked.

"I have a way," he said, evidently meaning not to tell me;

but I choked him until he was willing to confess. "How?" I repeated, firmly.

"It's a good way," he murmured, looking down. Then looking up with innocent, childlike eyes, he hissed, "I swear."

"A silent swear?" I whispered, nervously.

"Yes."

"And that helps against the subtler temptations?"

"Oh, yes. Every morning when I go up in the elevator at *McSure's* I feel like taking the axe that is to be used only in case of fire to all the other muck rakers who have invaded my territory, and then I swear silently, and that helps."

"Do you wish to be the next President of the United States, Mr. Beffens? The country is waiting breathlessly for your answer."

"No. I'd just like to be chief muck raker at *McSure's* all my life," he murmured, looking as if I had caught him at something foolish or extravagant. "If I could—if I could go on muck raking, I should be very happy. Of course," eagerly, "you will say that I have raked about all the cities in the country, but all over our broad land are villages expanding into cities. Oh, there will be work to my hand for many years yet."

I wouldn't dare tell Richard Watson Gilder this, or Hamilton Wright Mabie, or Tim Sullivan or Colonel Harvey. I'd rather write it than speak it any time; but I believe that I, even I, a poor, weak woman, with nothing resembling a rake but my side combs, can understand "Sink" Beffens. And oh, the reverence with which I say it! *Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.*

This Bubble



World



IF FATHER GAPON isn't dead, he has succeeded in fooling a good many people into believing that he is.—*Baltimore American*.

The moment one of his ilk stops talking all the world jumps to the conclusion that he must be dead.



Faulty grammar may grate upon delicate sensibilities but it never shakes a skyscraper down.—*Houston Post*.

Just wait until it gets mixed up with the bad-spellers' reform.



A Senator is supposed to stand only for the public welfare—to be only a representative of the public. On no other theory has a man any right to be in the Senate.—*Indianapolis News*.

Go up, old bald-head! That used to be the supposition, but to-day in Senatorial calculations any old interest comes ahead of the people's.



A St. Louis man has engraved all the letters of the alphabet and the nine digits on a pin-head.—*Houston Post*.

Who was the pin-head?



The removal of a part of a New York girl's spine, where a bullet had pierced the spinal column, and the splicing of the removed vertebrae, so that she is as good as new, is the latest triumph of surgical science.—*Indianapolis News*.

Not remarkable when one remembers that New York girls have plenty of backbone.



Tammany has declared for purity in municipal government.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.
And the devil is going to be good.



Most of the members of the Bar in England are bald.—*New York Evening Sun*.

Matrimony, or the barrister's wig?



Witte's retirement seems to have a string to it after all.—*Washington Star*.

Chauncey's has an ox-chain.



The country has endured about all the Spanish-American war statesmanship it can stand.—*Houston Post*.

Not yet. This country can stand a lot.

Senator Aldrich wears a smile like that of the cat which swallowed the canary bird.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Perhaps it comes from being a co-grandfather with John D.



The richest man in the Senate is to leave it.—*Baltimore American*.

That's easy—you mean Senator Clark. Now if you had said "the crookedest man," it would have been harder.



Some married women in Minneapolis have applied for appointment as police officers.—*Lowell Courier*.

Merely an extension of the women's club idea.



A boy immigrant has been barred from entrance because of an abnormally big head.—*Washington Star*.

Quite right. We've got actors enough already.



It is frequently noted that Thomas Lawson is not as active as he used to be.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The rocket and the stick.



Great Britain has sent an ultimatum to the Sultan of Turkey.—*Washington Star*.

Useless. The Sultan already has the largest collection of ultimatums in the world.



Musical composers live longer than persons engaged in other occupations.—*San Diego (Mex.) Herald*.

But their neighbors don't.



A bride in St. Louis has applied for a divorce because her husband refuses to kiss her.—*Baltimore American*.

The poor man must have been frightened by the notoriety of Hobson, Hoch and Carnegie.



A Georgia preacher told his congregation that he expected to meet more editors and reporters in hell than members of any other profession.—*Houston Post*.

He seems to be certain of one man who's going there.

A Washington woman uses perfumed gasoline in her motor-car.—*Chicago News*.

Give us good, old, honest gasoline.



An observant gentleman announces that no bald-headed men are criminals or lunatics.—*Omaha World*.

Thus proving that John D. Rockefeller is neither a criminal nor a lunatic.



The city of Boston should be treated as a metropolis.—*Boston Herald*.

And not spanked and sent to bed at eleven o'clock.



Whether Chicago is or is not a moral town we are willing to leave to the country.—*Chicago Journal*.

The noes have it.



Speak every day to some one you know is your superior.—*Edward Everett Hale*.

But what's Teddy to do after the first day or two?



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST
Hot wave coming



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LIE.



W.M. BALFOUR-KER

"CENL"

The Last Bridge

Gushed the Lady, "Of course one agrees
That Bridge is a form of disease,
But I feel I could play
Till the Last Judgment Day;
Then cry, 'Gabriel, no trumps! if you please!'"



The Declining Season



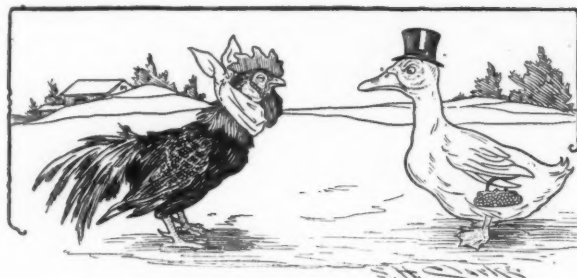
WHATEVER tends to give opportunity and scope to the playwright and artist is just now of most vital importance to the art dramatic. Therefore, the most important thing that has happened in the dramatic year just closing is the gain in power and stability that has come to the independent interests that have opposed the theatrical business monopoly which, by destroying all incentive to individual effort, was bringing the stage in America to the verge of ruin in the artistic sense. No drama-

tist with serious aims, no artist with high ideals, could find opportunity, much less encouragement, when there was but one road to success and that controlled by men in whom the money greed completely took the place of artistic sympathy or understanding.

The independent organization has not been long enough in being to show great results, but it has justified its existence by the new feeling of hope, courage and determination it has made possible to many who had come to feel that they had no future in their chosen calling. What seemed a cowardly yielding to the inevitable has been replaced by new-born expectation. Opportunity for free competition is no less the life of art than it is the life of trade, and monopoly is as deadly to one as to the other.

* * *

THE opposition to the Theatrical Trust has not only strengthened itself by these securing of new theatres over a widely extending territory and by the accession to its ranks of an increased number of the best attractions, but it has gained wonderfully in public opinion by the continued policy of greediness and brutality on the part of the Theatrical Trust. No better object lesson of the methods of this tyrannical organization could have been given to the American people than its treatment of Mme. Bernhardt and its efforts to ruin her managers. The success of her tour and the encouragement the public gave to her management when once it became known what was the true state of affairs has shown that the Trust was very far from being the invulnerable institution it was pictured. The great financial success of the Bernhardt tour attacked the Trust in its most vital spot because in many cases it showed the local manager that the good-will of the community in which he did business was more valuable to him than being made an instrument to carry out the hatreds and vengeance of a firm of booking agents in New York. The moment the people of the towns and cities throughout the United



"CAN'T I DO SOMETHING FOR YOU?"
"NO, THANKS, I DON'T BELIEVE IN QUACKS."

States realize that their local managers are responsible for the existence of the Theatrical Trust and the wretched shows it sends on the road that moment the doom of the Trust is sealed. Without an opposition which can give independent attractions a chance to be seen and independent art a chance to thrive, the local manager is helpless, the Trust is supreme, and it is on this account that the firm establishment of the opposition is the most important thing that has happened in the theatrical year.

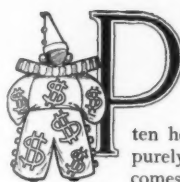
* * *



THE next most notable thing in a general way is the decline of popular interest in musical plays and musical spectacles. The basis of these entertainments was largely glitter and girls, book and score being minor considerations. Correctly to judge the merits of a dramatic composition and to give it a proper production requires something in the way of knowledge and education. The Trust magnates, not possessing this latter equipment, naturally took more interest in the greater elementary form of entertainment, with the result that the public for the past few years has been surfeited with musical pieces. In the transition period which, it is to be hoped, will end in a fairer consideration for the legitimate drama, farce and farcical comedies seem to be taking the popular fancy. Even this is an improvement on the constant succession of musical productions, all monotonously similar, but it is too light a diet long to be endured. Just at present there is a dearth of good plays and of men to write them as well as of artists to act them. This may be attributed very largely to the unappreciative and uncomprehending rule of the Trust. Never a very artistic country, the United States has suffered in this respect a distinct setback at the hands of the Theatrical Trust. It is to be hoped that with an effective opposition renewed competition may give dramatic art the impetus it needs.

* * *

THE national endowed theatre, which properly established and properly controlled meant the encouragement and preservation of the dramatic and kindred arts, has been, for the time being, sidetracked by the commercial enterprise known as the New Theatre. This institution has announced its intention to give both opera and drama. It has the support of a number of wealthy citizens who are looking more for pleasure than profit in their undertaking, but who, nevertheless, have not given the enterprise the endowment which will make it independent of public caprice and public fickleness in matters of the theatre. In so far as the New Theatre is dependent on the box office for its support it will be unable to elevate the public taste and establish higher standards in the public mind, but there is no reason why it should not provide an advance on the methods of the present entirely commercial theatre.



PROCEEDING from the general to the specific, it is noteworthy that two of the season's greatest popular successes were written here and that they deal with purely American subjects. First comes "The Girl of the Golden West," putting in dramatic form a phase of American life which, though crude and now almost extinct, brought out the elementary emotions which are the strongest material for the dramatist. Next, "The Lion and the Mouse," whose greatest claim to success was its utilizing, from a purely imaginary point of view, a personality and methods just now the focus of great public interest. Regarded simply as literature, neither play is a great achievement, but they are both highly valuable in pointing out to the American dramatist that he is not forced to go into the dark ages nor into foreign climes for his material.

Of the foreign authors, Mr. Bernard Shaw has probably profited most in royalties, although the long run of "Peter Pan" must make Mr. Barrie a close second. Of Mr. Shaw's plays produced this season, two have been successes, "Man and Superman" and "Arms and the Man"; one a failure, "John Bull's Other Island"; and one indexed by the police as indecent, "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Most notable of the other imported plays was Lavedan's "The Duel," a play of serious interest, which, in spite of its sombre quality, achieved a considerable success. The production of Schiller's "Don Carlos" was more of interest to the personal following of Mr. Mansfield than of value to the stage. Mr. Alfred Sutro, a new English dramatist, scored one success, "The Walls of Jericho."

Of the light comedies and farces to which



SARTORIAL SHAKESPEARE

"THERE'S A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS."

Hamlet.



THE AUTO IN THE MELODRAMA

the public has turned for relief from musical comedy, "Mr. Hopkinson," the imported farcical satire on the greed for money in the British aristocracy, appears to have been the best received. In the host of others more or less successful, Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Embassy Ball," written to fit Mr. D'Orsay; "Before and After" and "The Man on the Box" are the most worthy of mention. At the Trust theatres, from which LIFE has been excluded, there has been nothing presented that seems to have made any decided impression.

Among the actor folk the most important occurrences of the year have been the death of Sir Henry Irving and the triumphant tour of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the former event a misfortune to America as well as to England, and the latter notable not only in the artistic rejuvenation of the actress, but in the enthusiasm she aroused in audiences remote from the great cities. There have been no new and flashing meteors in the theatrical heavens, although Miss Margaret Anglin has secured what seems a fixed position among the stars.

Not a very brilliant record, is it? Several explanations might be offered, but the truest would probably be that the more intelligent public has become apathetic where the theatre is concerned. It has found so little of late which appealed to the intellect that it seems to have accepted it as a fact that the theatre is to be given over to raree-shows meant for the amusement of the stupider public, and that is mostly the kind of entertainment our theatres offer.

ONE of the season's latest offerings is a very farcical comedy called "Mistakes Will Happen," and written by Mr. Grant Stewart. In the hands of a more expert company of farce actors it would be provocative of much laughter, as some of its lines are both novel and ludicrous. Unfortunately for the piece, several of the cast were either too slow or too amateurish, and the

action, which should have been brisk, moved at a snail-like pace. This criticism does not apply to Mr. Charles Dickson, the leading comedian; to Miss Edna Aug, as an eccentric German slavey, nor to Miss Alice Johnson, who displayed considerable ability as a comedienne.

"Mistakes Will Happen" barely escapes being a pronounced success.

* * *

THERE is a movement on foot to give theatrical managers in New York a chance to provide decent programmes in place of the wretched things which heretofore have served to soil the hands and offend both eye and mind. Several theatres have already adopted the new programme, which is to be artistically printed on good paper, with good ink, and with its arrangement intended more for the convenience of those who use it than for the advantage of those who advertise in it.

With the high prices charged for theatre tickets in New York, it might be demanded by the theatre-going public not unreasonably that the present catchpenny programs, in which information about the entertainment is the most obscure thing, should be replaced by something better.

* * *

IN RESPECT of greed and rapacity our own American Theatrical Trust probably leads the world, but France has one which is no mean competitor, particularly in the way of ingenuity. It is called the Soci  t   des Auteurs, and exerts its power through its control over the dramatists of France. It even controls the managers of the theatres, because, if these do not submit to the demands and conditions of the Society, they can get no plays to put on their stages. Equally, the author who does not conform in all particulars to its requirements can get no theatres to produce his plays, so that the control is absolute. The society even goes so far as to collect royalties on the performances of plays of the dead and gone authors of the classical French drama, and the managers do not dare say them nay.

If some of our trust managers would only go to France and study this system, they might find a way of collecting royalties on the plays of one William Shakespeare. It is quite possible with the mind's eye to see our greedy compatriots gloat over the idea.

* * *

WITH which few remarks LIFE discontinues its dramatic department for this season. Here's hoping for better luck next time!

Metcalfe.

The LATEST BOOKS

THE acclimatization of the tenderfoot has been a favorite theme in American fiction, but it has seldom produced a tale at once so racy and so well-rounded as that offered by A. B. Ward in *The Sage Brush Parson*. The story is full of action and of interest, but this is the vehicle and not the source of its real appeal, which lies in the fact that the hero converts not only his flock but his readers to a belief in his manliness, his sincerity and his loveliness, and that the men and women with whom the author has surrounded him become our friends as well as our entertainers.

Kenelm's Desire, by Hughes Cornell, is a novel whose claim to distinction rests upon that most insecure of all artistic foundations, the unusualness of the subject. Kenelm is an Alaskan Indian, raised in a white family in a British Columbian village and, incidentally, quite worthy of his ultimate seat in Parliament and of his *Desire*, whose natural hesitations form the ripples in the romantic stream. For the rest, the book is an objectively accurate picture, whose only merit and whose negative shortcomings may be summed up in saying that it is tawdry enough to be true.

In a volume named *The Real Triumph of Japan*, Dr. Louis F. Seaman outlines the medical history of the Japanese side of the recent war in the Orient, giving the results of his observation, both in the base hospitals in Japan and with the troops at the front, and detailing the methods, both theoretical and practical, by which the Japanese secured the wonderful showing of only one death by disease to over four from actual wounds, a complete reversal of averages as compared to previous records in civilized warfare. The book contains many interesting chapters and information which is presumably accurate and correspondingly valuable.

Between Two Masters, by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., is one of the numerous pieces of fiction which in these days of rapid writing are constantly being inspired by the fumes of experimental ethics. It deals with the effect upon certain Bostonians of the fear of tainted money, the attraction of college settlements and the infection of amateur socialism, and while the story, such as it is, is well-written, and while the fact that no one in it seems to know his own mind makes for realism, the shrouded presence of a Problem in the background is an uncomfortable, and proves to be an unprofitable, companion.

The short story question and the servant question are about on a par these times. A short story or a cook that stops with us two weeks is a phenomenon, and the tales of yesteryear are as easily confused as the Bridgets and Tecklas that bloomed and faded in their company. As things go, however, Nelson Lloyd's stories of the village of *Six Stars* are very satisfactory. They are pre-

sumably from the same quiet neighborhood as his *Soldier of the Valley*, and are told with his characteristic humor and appreciation of rural oddities and excellencies. They will undoubtedly leave without notice, but while they stay they will do their work.

In the case of the six stories of *Their Husbands' Wives*, in spite of the unexceptionable references they bring in the editorship of W. D. Howells and H. M. Alden, one is unable to say more than that their moral characters are excellent, if occasionally somewhat self-obtrusive, and that they understand plain cooking. They are by Mark Twain, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, George Hibbard, Abby M. Roach, Emery Pottle and Grace Ellery Channing, and they share the advantage or the drawback, as you choose to regard it, that their object is rather to point a moral than to adorn a tale.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Sage Brush Parson. By A. B. Ward. (Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Kenelm's Desire. By Hughes Cornell. (Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

The Real Triumph of Japan. By Louis F. Seaman. (D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50.)

Between Two Masters. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$1.50.)

Six Stars. By Nelson Lloyd. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Their Husbands' Wives. Edited by W. D. Howells and H. M. Alden. (Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.)



SNAP-SHOTS IN HADES

Boston Passenger: I SUPPOSE THESE ARE THE HERETICS THAT DANTE TELLS US ABOUT.

Megaphone Demon: WORSE THAN THAT. THEY ARE THE PEOPLE WHO CAN'T PLAY A LOSING GAME OF CARDS WITHOUT GETTING MAD.



THE LATEST GREATEST AUTHOR
THE MORNING HER BOOK APPEARS



WHY IS A MOTOR CAR CALLED "SHE?"

A lady reader offers a solution to the oft-asked question. Why is a motor car called "she?"

Why is a woman or a car
Like conscience when you err?
Because, however hard you try,
You cannot "silencer."

Why is a motor feminine?
(The subject dare I touch?)
Because sometimes if she's upset
She has a strong, fierce "clutch."

Why is a woman like a car?
(Think a moment on it)
Because a woman and a car
Both must have a "bonnet."

Why is a motor feminine?
(You really ought to know)
Because till she's inclined to move
You cannot make her go.

Or should the answer be, Because
A woman and a car
Of pleasure, comfort, worry, too,
A funny "mixture" are?

—London Autocar.

SO NEAR

Near Vineland, N. J., there lived a German farmer who brewed his own beer, the superiority of which he was continually proclaiming, though no other person ever enjoyed an opportunity of testing its merits. A young neighbor made a wager that he could trick the farmer into giving him a taste of the much-vaunted drink. The youth visited the German one Sunday afternoon and the conversation was deftly steered around to home-brewed beer. The young man boasted that his father brewed beer that could not be equalled. The farmer at once vehemently ordered up a mug of his own favorite brew. When it appeared, the German raised it to his lips, and, the other hand pressing his stomach, drank every drop without taking breath. Then holding the empty mug to the disappointed young fellow he said gravely:

"You say your father's beer iss so better as mine! Joost schmell dot mug!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A REPROOF

One day a little boy came to school with very dirty hands and the teacher said to him:

"Jamie, I wish you would not come to school with your hands soiled that way. What would you say if I came to school with soiled hands?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply. "I'd be too polite."—New York World.

A MERGER is a larger body of water connecting two large bodies of water.—Saturday Evening Post.

SO HE HAS!

A chemist should be a natural wit.
Because, you understand,
No matter what one may say to him,
He has a retort at hand.

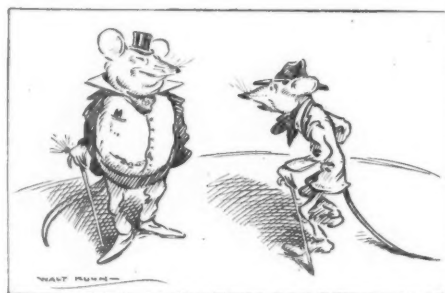
—Baltimore American

ONE BENEFICIAL RESULT

The President's address on "The Man with the Muck Rake" may at least serve the good purpose of turning general attention to "Pilgrim's Progress."—Atlanta Georgian.

"By the way, Jack, what is impressionism?"

"It is the art of picturing something which no one has ever seen in such a way that they wouldn't recognize it if they did see it."—Brooklyn Life.



The Fat One: YES, I LIVE IN A DELICATESSEN STORE. WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

The Thin One: I AM PUTTING UP IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

"Do you think, sir," said a young reporter to Thomas A. Edison, "that the world will ever be completely Christianized?"

Mr. Edison smiled. "Not only do I think so," he said, "but I think we shall both live to see it. Just look at the way those big, improved machine guns are wiping out the heathen!"

—Exchange.

THE REAL THING: "Hi, waiter, this meat is like leather" "Saddle of mutton you ordered, sir."—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday

DRILL SERGEANT (to awkward squad): The bullet of our new rifle will go right through eighteen inches of solid wood. Remember that, you blockheads!—Melbourne Times.

EXPECTED TO GIVE HER PLEASURE

A. J. Drexel Biddle, who wrote a book on Madeira, said the other day, according to an exchange:

"Madeira is a delightful place. One of its greatest, one of its strangest delights is coasting. You coast down the steep mountain sides in a wicker basket with wooden runners, and so fast do you go that sometimes your runners smoke, sometimes they even burst into flame.

"This coasting in Madeira's Maytime weather is a strange pleasure. I can't describe its strangeness. It reminds me' — He smiled.

"It reminds me in its strangeness of a Christmas gift that was sent last month to a certain maiden lady.

"The gift was sent to her by her nephew, and afterward he described it thus:

"At first I could not think of anything to give Aunt Mary for Christmas, and then, suddenly, I remembered that she was an old maid, wholly unacquainted with the grand passion, and so, in order to give her a unique pleasure, I sent her an anonymous love letter" —Commercial Tribune.

TENNYSON'S MANY LOVES

In discussing little oddities and peculiarities in connection with the works of various writers, and more especially poets, an official of the Congressional Library recently said:

"I was talking with a publisher not long ago about a new edition of Tennyson's poems which he proposes to bring out. He showed me a sample of the type which he intended to have cast for the edition, and I asked: 'Have you given an order for an additional lot of I's and v's?'"

"Why, no; why should I?" he asked.

"Because you will have to have them," I told him. "The word 'love' occurs so many times in Tennyson's poems that the usual percentage of I's and v's is far short of the number required." —Harper's Weekly.

Poor fellow, he said it was nerves, but the doctor had ordered his wife to keep the cellar and cellarette locked and to warn the landlords of the neighboring pubs.

He went trembling into a restaurant, looked down the bill of fare, and ordered a "savory," as being the only thing with taste in it.

When the waiter brought him some anchovies on toast he glared at them for a moment, then over-set the table and leapt up yelling, "Vipers, by gad!" —Sporting Times.

WANTED IN WYOMING

At the international Sunday school convention at Louisville, Ky., in answer to the roll-call of States, reports were verbally given by the various State chairmen. When the Lone Star State was called a brawny specimen of Southern manhood stepped out into the aisle and with strident voice exclaimed: "We represent the great State of Texas. The first white woman born in Texas is still living—she now has a population of over three million."

There was a pause of bewilderment for a moment and then a voice from the gallery rang out clear and distinct.

"Send that woman out to Wyoming—we need her." —Everybody's.

THAT WOULD BE TOO MUCH

LAWSON: Bjenkins is a painfully homely fellow, isn't he?

DAWSON: Yes, I'm glad he isn't two-faced. —Somerville Journal.

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Wilson—

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—
See back label!

That's All!



MEN MAY COME
AND MEN MAY GO

BUT

HUNTER
WHISKEY

GOES ON FOREVER

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



Niagara Falls 9 Hours from New York via NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES



Talks on Outdoor Advertising

How Large Shall Your Poster Be?

YOU are in business, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser, to sell your goods at a profit.

Each time you lower your selling cost, you increase your profit in direct ratio.

It has been conclusively demonstrated that the surest way for the outdoor advertiser to decrease this selling cost is to INCREASE the size of his poster space.

This may seem to be a radical statement but it's the truth.

To confirm this you have only to look on the billboards and notice the posters of successful advertisers whose goods are known in every household.

The more successful the advertiser, the larger the space used.

This large space is not used simply because of the prosperity of the advertiser, but on the contrary the advertiser has become prosperous, because of the size of the space he has occupied.

A pond contains just so many fish. You can land a few of these fish, one by one, with a hook and line.

But the man who is making a business of it and is not spending his time and money for the pleasure it gives him **USES A NET**.

He cleans the pond at one sweep while the other man is baiting his hook.

The same principle applies in Outdoor Advertising.

An occasional customer can be influenced by the unimpressive small poster.

But it takes a large poster to present your proposition so attractively that it will land the multitudes.

* * *

We will admit that we have an axe to grind in suggesting this large space to you, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser—but it's **YOUR AXE**.

Mind you, we don't say increase your posting appropriation—merely increase your space.

For our experience has proved that it will be far more economical to you, and will lower your selling cost beyond belief, to use say 12-sheet posters in four towns in preference to using 4-sheet posters in twelve towns.

In either event, you would be putting up the identical number of sheets and your posting expense would be the same.

To be most effective from a selling standpoint a poster must be large enough, strong enough and attractive enough to gain the attention of the passing multitude in **WHOLE** not in part.

And attention once attracted, the space used must be sufficiently large to contain the meat of your selling point in type large enough to be easily read by the crowd on the street cars, the passers in carriages, and by the man on the other side of the street.

The smaller the space used, the narrower is its radius of usefulness—the influence of the small poster is bounded by feet instead of blocks.

And even if strong enough in design to compel the attention of the man in the carriage or across the street, the text of the small poster cannot be read, and its effect from an advertising standpoint is entirely lost.

* * *

But space alone, no matter how large, will not in itself induce sales.

Nor will this space profitably sell goods if devoted solely to an illustration, no matter how striking or artistic that illustration may be.

For unless the space is large enough to reinforce the illustration with a convincing selling argument in **few words and large type**, no desire can be created in the mind of the reader, and no sales can result.

The logical place to look for this concentrated conviction in poster and street car copy is the modern Advertising Agency, whose business it is to economically sell goods through the medium of printers' ink.

With the one exception of Lord & Thomas, however, no advertising agency, company or individual is equipped with a special copy force devoted exclusively to the preparation of Posters and Street Car Cards designed primarily to sell the greatest amount of goods at the least expense.

Other agencies either attempt to utilize their newspaper or magazine copy force for this purpose.

Or, on the other hand, turn over the preparation of this copy to color printers who are no more qualified to produce advertising copy which will economically sell goods than is the man who lays the foundation qualified to produce the architect's plans from which he works.

For the color printer is an artist—no more, no less.

Lord & Thomas alone have had the nerve and foresight required to equip a special Outdoor Copy Department at an expense of over \$30,000, qualified to give the same experienced service in the preparation of convincing Poster and Street Car Advertising which is expected and demanded on advertisements which are to appear in publications of general circulation.

This trained service—the only exclusive specialized service of its kind in America—is at your command without added expense to you, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser, if you want it.

It will cost you no more to have your Posters and Car Cards prepared by Lord & Thomas' trained poster copy men than it does now to have them prepared by color printers.

Space on billboards or in street cars will cost you the same no matter from whom you buy it—whether from Lord & Thomas, or direct, or through any other authorized agency.

The posting systems bear the expense of this service—not you. Because they recognize that in proportion as you succeed through Bill Board or Street Car advertising, to just that extent will it mean success for them.

We are about to issue a series of small books (cloth bound) covering advertising—newspapers, magazine and outdoor—in all its phases.

The value of the information and data this series contains cannot be measured by the price they were intended to sell at—\$4.00—but we will gladly send them free to any interested advertiser.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America

CHICAGO

Annual Volume Placed for Clients
Approaching \$4,000,000.00

NEW YORK



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

SECRETARY TAFT AND THE STERN WAITER

Secretary Taft said of a certain domineering statesman:
"He fills men with dread. They quail before him. They can't call their souls their own in his presence. Altogether he makes me think of a waiter I once met in the West."

"In a small Western town, many years ago, I put up at the Palace Hotel.

"I was assigned to a room at the Palace Hotel. There was no water nor towels in the room and I rang.

"There was no reply.

"I rang again.

"Still no reply.

"And again and again, and yet again I rang, and finally a waiter appeared.

"This waiter was a robust man of stern and forbidding aspect.

"Did you ring?" he asked in a rumbling bass voice.

"I did," I answered.

"Well, don't do it again," said the waiter, with a menacing scowl, as he withdrew."—*Kansas City Journal*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

CURIOSITY

Mark Twain told the spectators at the billiard tourney last evening what he knew about the game, and kept them laughing while he talked. He said:

"The game of billiards has destroyed my naturally sweet disposition. Once when I was an underpaid reporter in Virginia City, whenever I wished to play billiards I went out to look for easy marks. One day a stranger came to town and opened a billiard parlor. I looked him over casually. When he proposed a game I answered, 'All right.'

"Just knock the balls around a little, so that I can get your gait," he said, and when I had done so he remarked: 'I will be perfectly fair with you. I'll play you left-handed.' I felt hurt, for he was cross-eyed, freckled and had red hair, and I determined to teach him a lesson. He won first shot, ran out, took my half-dollar and all I got was the opportunity to chalk my cue.

"If you can play like that with your left hand," I said, 'I'd like to see you play with your right.'

"I can't," he said, 'I'm left-handed.'—*New York World*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

HIS DEDUCTIONS

Some years ago there sat in the House of Representatives as member from Missouri a gentleman named Benton. According to the Congressman who tells the story, Mr. Benton was known as "the shrewdest and homeliest man that the State possessed at that time."

In his early days at the bar Mr. Benton had, it is said, gone to Texas for the purpose of prosecuting a land claim. He lost the suit, but was so fortunate as to win an extremely handsome Texan girl, who accompanied him to his Missouri home. At St. Joseph the couple were met by a certain General Mitchell, a very plain-spoken politician, to whom Mr. Benton introduced his bride. The old fellow looked very much surprised. He stared at Benton and beamed on the pretty bride. Finally, he could repress himself no longer, so he blurted out:

"Mrs. Benton, ain't there any men in Texas?"—*American Spectator*.

ATTENDANT: In this padded cell we have a newspaper humorist.

VISITOR: Poor chap! And what is the delusion?

ATTENDANT: He thinks he has money.—*Cleveland Leader*.

HEALTH AND REST: NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

FUNNY MR. BROWNRIGHT

JONESMITH—My wife was such a pensive creature before I married her, but she appears to have gotten all over it now.

BROWNRIGHT—I see. You mean she's ex-pensive now?—*Cleveland Leader*.

"UNCLE GEORGE," said the little boy, "what is an equinox?"
"An equinox," said Uncle George, who was fresh from college, "why—er—that's a sort of freak, I suppose; half-horse and half-ox."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

FIAT

THE HOL-TAN CO.

W. Penn Mathers, President of the Rhode Island Automobile Club, in his 60 H. P. FIAT Touring Car

The Hol-Tan Co. has contracted for the exclusive importation of "FIAT" Automobiles into this country for the next ten years.

Its new five story building at Broadway and 56th Street has been especially and thoroughly equipped for the handling of "FIAT" Cars.

The reputation of The Hol-Tan Co. for stability and financial standing is parallel with the excellence of the cars it sells.

This means that the purchaser of a "FIAT" not only gets a car that is absolutely unequalled in mechanical construction, but he has behind it the backing of a Company whose guarantee is really worth something.

CATALOGUE FREE ON REQUEST

The HOL-TAN Co.

SUCCESSORS TO HOLLANDER & TANGEMAN

Broadway and 56th Street

SOLE AMERICAN AGENTS

Licensed Importers under Selden Patent

Agencies: HARRY FOSDICK Co., Boston. H. ALLEN DALLEY, Philadelphia. AUTO REPAIR Co., Ltd., Pittsburgh.

The perfect cracker
for the
perfect
dinner

Boss' Medium Hard Water Cracker

at
Park & Tilford's
Acker Mearl & Condit Co's
and all leading grocers

Whitman's

Chocolates and Confections

The most delicious product of the
candy making art.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut St., Phila.

Adventure of a Puppy

A PAPER in London makes us all jealous by printing the following beautiful poem on a puppy. . . . Harken and see if you do not detect in the brief but pregnant history it unfolds the history of every college graduate as he leaves his alma mater weeping disconsolately behind him and goes to meet a humble and welcoming world? Now harken:

Once on a Time, a Terrier Pup
Kept in his Kennel-Run shut up,
Nor having yet had chance, I find,
To mix with others of his kind,
That Crisis reached of Puphood's Youth
At which he cut his primal Tooth.

Born was the little Ivory Fang
Through many a sharp, precursive Pang,
Through Jaws that swell and shoot and prick,
Alive in every Nerve and Quick,
Through Fevers that his Frame exhaust,
Till up he gives himself for lost.
'Tis THEN the solemn Crisis comes,
And—Toosiepeg peeps through his Gums!

Our Pup, to whom this Thing of Done,
That sudden through his Gums had grown,
Was hitherto a Thing unknown,
With mingled Ecstasy and Awe,
Hailed the new Tenant of his Jaw,
And, in his Ignorance, believed
That he'd a Novelty achieved,
Yea, to his own unaided Cheek,
Done Something that was quite unique.
So he's with eager Pride aglow
To let the whole Creation know.
'I've gotten Something on my Jaw,
That never in your Lives you saw.
Come one," he barked, "come all, and see
The Marvel that's befallen me!"

He barked in vain, until at last
An old Yard-Dog came loping past,
Who lazily approached our Pup,
And asked him: "What the Devil's up?"
Then eagerly th' excited Youth
Displayed with conscious Pride his Tooth,
Described each Symptom, told each Pang
That heralded the coming Fang,
And preluded the wondrous Birth
Of so unique a Thing on Earth.

"So look," he cried, "yea, gaze your Fill
On this unrivalled Miracle,
Such as again you'll never view,
Until the silver Moon turns blue!"

Languid the Yard-Dog lists, the while
Smiling a weary, jaded Smile,
"I've heard," said he, "O verdant Youth,
That Tale of every Pup's first tooth.
Yet, each fresh Time such Tooth I view,
And look to see the Moon turn blue,
I find she keeps her native Hue.
Good-day. Skiddoo."—*Boston Transcript.*

When the Auto Came Back

AN AUTOMOBILIST, speeding along a country road at a rapid clip, ran over and killed a chicken. When he returned the same way an hour later, a man was standing in the middle of the road signalling excitedly for him to stop. He brought the machine to a standstill, and there lying on the roadside was the poor chicken whose life had been snuffed out. He was prepared for the worst, when the following dialogue took place:

"May I ask, did you run over this chicken?"

"Yes, I'm the guilty party, but I am willing to pay for the damage. How much do you want?"

"Oh, that's all right. You see, before I took the chicken home I wanted to make sure how it had been killed. If your automobile ran over it, I guess it's good to eat."—*Pittsburg Press.*

SEA CLIFF INN

NANTUCKET, MASS.

Open from June until October

Efficient Service; Excellent Table; Music. Bookings by E. M. GUILD, Treasurer, 26 East 23d Street, New York City. Telephone 2415 Gramercy.



Gibson's
**RECORD
RYE WHISKEY**

Try *Gibson's*

ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

Make the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals, affords relief and aids digestion. Important to see that it is Abbott's.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Has Been Before the Public for
Thirty-three Years

In the Experience of the Following Physicians It
Has a Pronounced Value in the Treatment of

Bright's Disease
and
Albuminuria of
Pregnancy

{ Alfred L. Loomis, J. Marion Sims, Samuel O. L. Potter, John V. Shoemaker, Graeme M. Hammond, Wm. H. Drummond, I. N. Love, G. Halsted Boyland, Cyrus Edson, J. Allison Hodges, George W. Miltenberger, J. Page Massie and Geo. Ben Johnston.

Uric Acid Troubles
and
Inflammation of
the Bladder

{ Roberts Bartholow, Jas. K. Cook, Hunter McGuire, John T. Metcalf, Frank Woodbury, Alex. B. Mott, Chas. B. Nancrede, Nathan S. Davis, Jr., Jas. L. Cabell, P. B. Barringer, A. F. A. King, T. Griswold Comstock, Jos. Holt and Giuseppe Lapponi.

Medical Testimony Upon Request to the
Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia.

For Sale by the General Drug and Mineral Water Trade.
Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

OLD CROW RYE A STRAIGHT WHISKEY

H. B. KIRK & CO.
SOLE BOTTLEERS, NEW YORK



If You Never Wore Garters

start-to-day. Get a pair of Brighton Flat Clasp Garters and walk easy. They neither bind, rub nor chafe the leg. No teeth or sharp projections to tear the socks or catch in the clothing. They keep the socks and underclothing absolutely smooth. The only garter with the perfectly flat clasp. All metal parts heavily nickel-plated. Absolutely pure silk web (not mercerized cotton). All the latest designs and colorings. 25 cents a pair, at your dealers or sent by mail postpaid.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philad'a.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

Flat
BRIGHTON
GARTERS
Clasp



Frederick E. Scotford

To Upbuild the Pacific Coast States

THE Quoin Club of New York, an association of the leading periodicals of national circulation (reaching practically every intelligent English-speaking family in the United States and Canada), introduces Mr. Frederick E. Scotford, who will represent it on the Pacific Coast in a movement that is of the greatest importance to everyone interested in the upbuilding of the Pacific Coast States. He will co-operate with the various interests of the Coast in obtaining proper publicity for their communities and their industries among capitalists, settlers and tourists.

At this moment Mr. Scotford has offices in Seattle, but will go in person, or by letter, to any place on the Coast where a Chamber of Commerce or other organized body wishes to know how it can be benefited—as other cities and communities have been—by the aid of the magazines.

A Clearing-house of Information for the Pacific Coast.

In order to assure the greatest degree of helpfulness, through Mr. Scotford's work, the Quoin Club has undertaken to act as a clearing-house, putting everyone interested in close touch with reliable sources of information on all matters pertaining to the Pacific Coast States—their topographical and climatic advantages, business opportunities, etc.

Address all inquiries either to Mr. Scotford, 476 Arcade Building, Seattle, Washington, or to

SECRETARY
THE QUOIN CLUB
NEW YORK CITY

Dogs

GROSS, the naturalist, relates several amusing instances about dogs. He had once a dog who, when given a piece of bread that he did not care to eat, dropped it and then, lying upon it, pretended to look all round with the most innocent air, as if wondering where it had fallen.

Another case he speaks of is that of a terrier whose greatest pleasure it was to catch flies on the window panes. Nothing annoyed the animal more than to be laughed at when he missed his prey.

"In order to discover what he would do," says Gross, "I purposely laughed immoderately each time he was unsuccessful, and the more I laughed the clumsier he grew.

"At last he was so unmistakably annoyed that in his despair he pretended to capture a fly and made the appropriate movements of tongue and lips, finally rubbing his neck on the ground as if to crush his victim, after which he regarded me with a triumphant air.

"So well had he played his little comedy that had I not seen the very fly still on the window I certainly would have been taken in by this trick. When I called his attention to the fact that the fly he had chased was still at large and that there was no dead fly on the floor he perfectly understood that his hypocrisy had been discovered and was so ashamed that he slunk away and hid under a couch."—*London Standard*.

Rear Guard in the Retreat

THE late Gen. Schofield was once describing in Washington a certain retreat of cavalry. "I call it a retreat," he said, "but I should really call it a rout."

He smiled.

"In this retreat," he went on, "the commanding general, as his charger tore like the wind along, turned to an aid who galloped beside him and said:

"Who are our rear guard?"

"The aid, without ceasing for an instant to belabor his panting steed, replied:

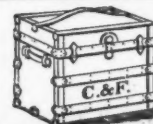
"Those who have the worst horses, sir."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Figuring It Out

A SCHOOLMASTER had been severely correcting one of his boys, and finished by saying: "Now sit down and write a letter to your parents, telling them how much you are taught here and how little you profit therefrom. I should be ashamed to tell them." The boy cried a good deal, and then wrote:

"DEAR FATHER: I am very stupid, though there is more to be learnt here than anywhere. Twice two's four—four boys go to one bed, six beds make one attic, and four attics make one well-ventilated and appointed sleeping dormitory. One round of bread and butter makes one breakfast, and every tea makes its own supper."

"This time," said the master, "we will—er—overlook your conduct, and you needn't send that note."—*Exchange*.



CROUCH & FITZGERALD
177 BROADWAY
688 BROADWAY
723 SIXTH AVENUE

Giving Him a Chance

ONE of the unfortunate facts of life is that the world in general regards business principles as something entirely different from the code of morals which govern the other relations of human beings—a code into which love and charity freely enter. It took a ragged little newspaper boy to prove, the other day, that certain old-fashioned Biblical precepts are not out of place in the practical, working world. A newspaper tells the story:

A gentleman, hurrying down-town, stopped for a paper.

"Can't let you have one," said the boy.

"Why not? I heard you crying them."

"Yes, but that was down the other block where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, I'm in a hurry. No fooling."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this block, mister, 'cause it belongs to Limpy. He's up to the furdest end just now. You'll meet him."

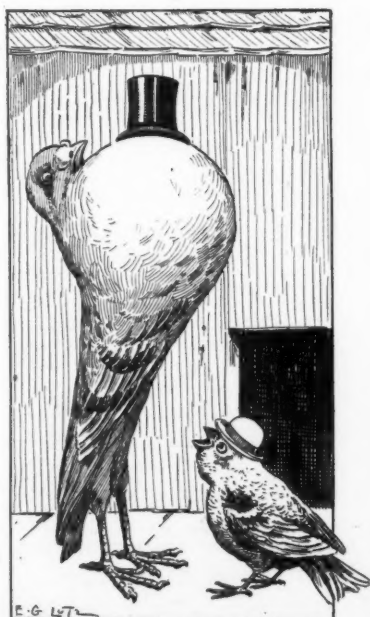
"Who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"'Cause us other kids said we'd let him have it. You see, it's a good run 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git round lively like the rest of us, so we agreed the first one caught selling on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're going to look out for a little chap what's lame, anyhow. There comes Limpy now."

The gentleman bought two papers of him and went on his way down-town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.—*Youth's Companion*.



Sparrow: HA! HA! WHAT A FUNNY PLACE FOR YOUR HAT!
Poule: YES, BUT WHENEVER I PUT IT ON MY HEAD, IT FALLS OFF.

The NORTH=COAST LAND

Mt. Hood

Travel to the North
Pacific Coast, a country rich in
scenic grandeur and unsurpassed in its commercial
and agricultural possibilities, has for many seasons been an
object of improvement and development, but on no train has really
perfect service so closely been approached as on

THE PIONEER LIMITED

OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

A trip on this famous train is truly a revelation of what invention can devise for the
comfort and convenience of the traveler.

The Pioneer Limited is composed exclusively of electric-lighted
equipment (individual reading lamps in each berth and compartment),
with buffet smoking-library car, standard sleeping cars, compartment
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Passenger Station, Chicago, at 6.30 P.M. daily. Arrives St. Paul 7.25
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connections with northern transcontinental trains.

Low round trip rates, after June 1, from Chicago—\$65 to
and through Yellowstone Park (with hotel accommodations
for five and a half days, \$85); to Seattle, Portland, or
Tacoma, \$75. Liberal return limits and stopover privileges.
Descriptive literature upon application to F. A. Miller,
G. P. A., Chicago, or Mr. W. S. Howell, Gen'l
Eastern Agent, 381 Broadway,
New York

OUR RECLINING TETE-A-TETE SWING

makes life worth living: so cool, comfortable and soothing
in warm weather. Any position from upright to horizontal
may be obtained without effort. Words cannot describe the ease and pleasure of this clever idea. If you delight in a swinging motion the possibility of enjoying this movement while in a slightly reclining position increases the pleasure tenfold. We can furnish with it awning if desired, and also produce this reclining feature in six other forms, adapted for outdoor life and various uses.

THE FAMOUS SUPERIOR QUALITY LINE

of over 50 designs, embracing swings, chairs, rockers, settees, etc., made of the best material by highly skilled craftsmen for the most exacting judges of what summer furniture should be, will prove not only attractive ornaments to your lawns and porches, but multiply the delights of summer life for yourself, family and friends. A few dollars invested in our lawn furniture will yield big dividends in health, pleasure, and that peculiar satisfaction resulting from money well spent.

If your standard is high—if quality appeals to you—if you are proud of your home and think that the best is none too good, you will insist upon receiving superior quality lawn furniture from your dealer. Accept no substitute for our prices are always within your reach. For your protection every genuine article bears this trade-mark:

OUR RECLINING CHAIR WITH AUTOMATIC CANOPY

is just the proper article for the lawn, beach, launch or steamer: a delightful accessory to outdoor life or to read, lounge or sleep in.

Easiest chair to operate. Any position from upright to horizontal obtained without effort or jar. Canopy entirely automatic, easily detached if desired. Entire chair folds into small flat bundle for storage or travel and is particularly desirable for invalids at all times. Adopted by all outdoor colonies in fresh air treatments.

If your dealer cannot furnish our Superior Quality furniture write us for prices and catalog No. 32 in colors. Cut this "ad" out as it will not appear again.

Kalamazoo Sled Co., 947 Third St., Kalamazoo, Mich.



Liveries for all menservants.
Smart, and substantial
enough to stand the strain.

Illustrated livery catalogue on request

Sensible motoring clothes for
owners and chauffeurs.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,
258-842-1260 Broadway,
(3 Stores)
NEW YORK,
also,
F. M. ATWOOD,
CHICAGO.



"The Salt of Kings
The King of Salts"

The daintiest, finest table salt in use is

CEREBOS
TABLE
SALT

It also contains phosphates, which are necessary for the building of bone, teeth, nerve and tissue. You will do yourself and children an injustice if you fail to learn how important CEREBOS SALT is to health and strong body building.

A large sample tin may be obtained at your grocers', or write to 50 Ferry Street, New York.

MATINEE EVERY DAY AT 2 EVENINGS AT 8

NEW YORK
Hippodrome
THOMPSON & DUMNEY

MOST EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCTION EVER STAGED

A SOCIETY CIRCUS

WITH COURT OF THE GOLDEN FOUNTAINS

The Plunging Horses

and Sensational New Arenic Acts

Troublesome Teeth

WHEN Scandinavians come to this country they frequently have trouble with their teeth. Later, owing to the difference in diet, they lose most of their bicuspid and molars, but, fortunately, few Scandinavians have the trouble that Tillie did, and few lose their teeth in so disconcerting a manner.

"My funniest patient," said the sociable dentist, "was a Swedish girl, who came in one day to get her teeth extracted. Her upper jaw was absolutely bare of teeth, and the lower set was in such condition that there seemed to be nothing to extract.

"Where are the teeth you want out?" I asked. "In my stomach," returned the girl, suddenly bursting into tears.

"In your stomach!" I gasped.

"Yaw, meester," she sobbed. "Last week my hov buy me all new toots on top vor twenty five dollar, on Chicago. Two days ago my sleep so goot, so-o goot! Ven my vake opp, mys toots she vor all go down mys t'roat. I tank maybe you can get them out—mys lady she is tole me to come."

"Nonsense! They couldn't go down your throat."

"Yaw! Yaw!" protested Tillie, clapping a hand to her belt-buckle. "She iss there now. She iss chew, chew, chew, all the time. She iss chew my all inside up. She iss hurt so moch my iss don't can sleep."

"Tillie was evidently sincere," said the dentist, "and I was beginning to think that I had a lunatic on my hands, when the day was saved. My office door was flung open and an excited boy rushed in.

"O Tillie," he cried, "mother just found your teeth tucked under your mattress! You must have taken them out in your sleep."

"My goo'ness!" exclaimed Tillie, apologetically. "My hov some bodder vit mys toots every day since I come on America."—*Youth's Companion*.

Like a Bachelor

DR. JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, in a discussion of the euthanasia, or painless killing of incurables, according to the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, said, among other things:

"There is something hard and inhuman about the euthanasia which forbids effectually our acceptance of it.

"The euthanasia is as unfeeling and cold as the average bachelor in a baby's presence.

"A bachelor, visiting a married friend, endeavored to amuse the six-months-old baby. He jumped it on his knee, tickled it and finally gave it his watch to play with.

"The watch was a small gold affair and the baby slipped it into its mouth. This made the bachelor smile.

"But the mother, perceiving what her darling child had done, leaped forward in the greatest terror.

"'Oh!' she cried. 'See the child! It has your watch in its mouth! It will swallow the watch!'

"But the bachelor, with a laugh, hastened to reassure her.

"'Don't be alarmed,' he said. 'I've got hold of the chain, you see. It can't go far.'"—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*

MOST
ANCIENT
AND
GLORIOUS
OF
CORDIALS

MOST
ANCIENT
AND
GLORIOUS
OF
CORDIALS



LIQUEUR
PÈRES CHARTREUX
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARthusian MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL), DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bâtier & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y., Sole Agents for United States.

PICTURESQUE NEW ENGLAND

as reached by the

Boston and Maine Railroad

is beautifully illustrated by the portfolios entitled:

New England Lakes.

Rivers of New England.

Seashore of New England.

Mountains of New England.

The Charles River to the Hudson.

Picturesque New England (Historic and Miscellaneous).

Size of illustrations, 4 x 6 inches.

Will be mailed upon receipt of six cents for each book.

POST CARDS

Set of twenty Post Cards reproducing typical New England Scenery in its natural colors sent on receipt of 30 cents.

Address: Passenger Department

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD
BOSTON, MASS.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Intending purchasers
of a *strictly first-*
class Piano
should
not fail
to exam-
ine the
merits of



THE WORLD RENOWNED
SOHMER

It is the special favorite of the refined and cultured musical public on account of its unsurpassed tone-quality, unequaled durability, elegance of design and finish. Catalogue mailed on application.

THE SOHMER-CECILIAN INSIDE PLAYER
SURPASSES ALL OTHERS
Favorable Terms to Responsible Parties
SOHMER & COMPANY
Warerooms Cor. 5th Ave. 22d St. NEW YORK

From
Soup to
Nuts

Instead of a mixture
of wines, it is now
the fashion to
serve

COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY
Champagne

throughout the
meal.



HIS MASTER'S CHOICE IS A

Cluett
COAT SHIRT

MADE AS A CUSTOM SHIRTMAKER WOULD MAKE IT. IN WHITE AND COLOR-FAST FABRICS.

\$1.50 AND MORE

SEND FOR BOOK OF STYLES AND DEALER'S NAME.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.

Largest Makers of Collars and Shirts in the World.
467 River St., TROY, N. Y.

Natural

IT WAS only natural that in the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was often quoted to the younger generation as one having authority.

On one occasion a grandniece of Mrs. Stowe became very angry at one of her little playmates, and, stamping her foot, said: "I hate you and I don't want anything more to do with you, nor your manservant, nor your maidservant, nor your ox, nor your ass."

Her mother, hearing the outburst, sternly reproved her offspring, asking her if she knew what she was saying.

Little Miss Beecher promptly replied: "Yes; the Ten Commandments."

"Well, do you know who wrote them?"

The child, looking much disgusted, answered: "Goodness, yes! Aunt Harriet did, I s'pose."—*Boston Herald.*



THE CAPTAIN OF THE ARMY

In Doubt

CAPTAIN HOMER HEDGE, president of the new Aero Club, was talking hopefully at West Point about the future of flying.

"No doubt we shall all fly some day," he said, "as safely as we now ride or sail. Before that day comes, though, every subtlety of flying must be mastered. I fancy that we look at the art too broadly now. We handle it in too cursory and general a way. We handle it as an old man I once knew in the West handled military rank."

"Meeting the old man one day, I said to him:

"Let me see, your nephew enlisted for a soldier, didn't he?"

"You're right, sir," said the old man, "he did."

"Well," said I, "what rank does he hold now?"

"The old man frowned reflectively.

"Let me see," he muttered, "I ain't quite sure, but I know it's either a general or a corporal."—*Boston Post.*

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

Capital, \$2,000,000

Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$7,000,000

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